

372
1

A

R E M A R K A B L E
M O V I N G L E T T E R !

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

REMAKABLE

MOVING LETTER!

THE FOLLO

Catharine [Macaulay] ¹ pauc.
Catharine K.

A REMARKABLE MOVING LETTER!

"SHE WAS ELATED WITH A JOY THAT BURST OUT INTO GESTURES
WHICH BORDERED UPON LAUGHTER.—THIS WAS RECKONED
THE FOREBODING OF HER FUTURE MISFORTUNES;
AS IF A NATURAL CAUSE FOR THESE EXPRESSIONS OF GLADNESS
COULD NOT HAVE BEEN PROPERLY ASCRIBED TO

A GIRL OF FIFTEEN

WHO WAS MARRYING A LOVER SHE LIKED."

My own History, Quarto Edition, Vol. I. P. 76.

L O N D O N:

AT THE *Shakespeare Press* BY THE ETHERINGTONS,
No 25, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD;
FOR ROBERT FAULDER,
NEW BOND-STREET.

1779-

A REMARKABLE MOVING LETTER!

ADVERTISEMENT.

AN appeal to the people is the last resort in a well regulated republic.— Aware of the poetic emphasis in matter of persuasion, the dignity of a Female Historian has descended to the composition of what, with a becoming consciousness of her own powers in the pathetic, she dares to call a *Remarkable Moving Letter*.—It was penned to combat the prejudices of a respectable and reverend Friend—To state constitutional grievances—To adduce *physical causes* for her late union—To effectuate a coalition of parties.

The effort was abortive—but her fellow-citizens will decide what should have been the result of her remonstrance.

CATHARINE.



NEW BOND-STREET.

A

R E M A R K A B L E

M O V I N G L E T T E R !

FRIEND of my follies! Sharer of my fame!

And, if there yet remain a dearer name,

Delightful DOCTOR! listen to the lay

My loves occasion and my sorrows pay.

AND, Oh, epistolary Pow'rs! restore

Historic energy to grace the lore;

Such as of old I pour'd with female rage

When kings and scaffolds gloom'd along my page;

A

Or

Or late inflam'd monastical attack,
 And brought the Parsons upon GIBBON's back.

10

My Parent!—Yes—for still, Sir, rev'ence needs
 That hallow'd name to wipe away my deeds—
 Parent thou wert,—A widow's wants denied
 Thy feeble Holiness should call me bride.—

15

Paternal fondness saw the languors rise,
 Heard my hot wish, and felt my fiery sighs;
 Pitied and mourn'd the tumult as it ran
 From vein to vein, and loudly call'd for man,
 And droop'd as droop'd the rose on CATH'RINE's cheek, 20
 While all her hopeless longings blush'd to speak;
 Hadst thou possess'd (shame checks my falt'ring pen)
 The pow'rs that Heav'n allots to younger men,
 My frailer nature had not dar'd to rove,
 But politics had pav'd the road of love,

A REMARKABLE MOVING LETTER!

Science had mingled in our chaste delights, 25
A kiss had ratified the BILL OF RIGHTS,
All my LOOSE THOUGHTS* had toy'd the night away,
And thrilling REVOLUTIONS mark'd the day.

BUT Nature much denied:—yet Nature's hand
Gave all the various talent I command: 30
Nor came the gift alone, for with it came
Concupiscence, of more than mortal flame.
Witness, dear Shade of my departed Lord,
How oft you shar'd it, and how oft deplor'd!

ONE myrtle chaplet still, to close my days, 35
Love shall entwine, and scorn historic bays;

* Vide my Pamphlet of that name.

A 2

Scorn

A REMARKABLE MOVING LETTER!

Scorn the rich wreath monopoliz'd to spread
Its blushing laurels round SIR WILLIAM's head:
GR-H-M alone this ecstasy demands,
And lo, where equal to the task he stands! 40

THE Muse yet shudders at that omen'd night,
When dreams and wild desire suggested flight;
King ALFRED's head in frowns the vision bore
(Which I cut off, you stuck upon my door).
A second spectre rose, of skin and bones, 45
Naked and pale, and pois'd too dreadful stones,
ST. STEPHEN WALBROOK was his ghastly name;
Both grinn'd, both scowl'd, and shook my widow'd frame.
When, from a cloud prolific Fancy drew,
Astride my Quarto Volumes CUPID flew; 50
GR-H-M was perch'd behind, and in his hand
A portly syringe stood, or seem'd to stand:

A REMARKABLE MOVING LETTER!

9

At sight of darts and squirts the grieved pair
Yell'd, and dissolv'd into the midnight air.

SUCH were the portents of my love and fate, 55

And climacteric widows cannot wait.

I rose, forgetful of the storm that frown'd

Of Alfred-house, of 17,000 L.

Of brother S—BR-DGE, continence, and pelf,

Thy much-lov'd peruke, and thy dearer self! 60

MATERIAL atoms, variously combin'd,

Form all the vice or virtue of the mind.

Souls and Spa-water differ but in phrase,

So preach the Doctors of degen'rate days;

Give then this female, frail machine the blame, 65

That fan's a widow's furor into flame:

And

TO

A REMARKABLE MOVING LETTER!

And take us back, on truths that PRIESTLEY proves;
'Twill soothe thine age to view our infant loves,
To hear me beat republican alarms,
Or lisp out raptures in my GR-H-M's arms.
Much will it sooth, and GR-H-M shall be chief
In panegyric of my DOCTOR's beef;
For much will beef contribute to his power's,
And whet the transport of our tend'rest hours—

So shall no wily patriotic knave

75

Bring thy white wig with sorrow to the grave.
GR-H-M and I shall watch our Patron still,
Smooth his departing hour, and make his will:
Then bear his fainted corse to WALBROOK'S shrine,
And flick it in the nich that once was mine.

80

T H E E N D.

